

DC
VERTIGO

4 of 6
MAY 94

SUGGESTED
FOR MATURE
READERS

dave
lou
april + vince
locke

A M E R I C A N

FLUX

A T A L E O F T H E U N - M E N

Dark
Evolution

GAY AND BRUNING

AMERICAN FREAK

A T A L E O F T H E U N - M E N

VINCE LOCKE
COVER PHOTOGRAPHER
ARTIST

WRITER
LETTERER

GAZ

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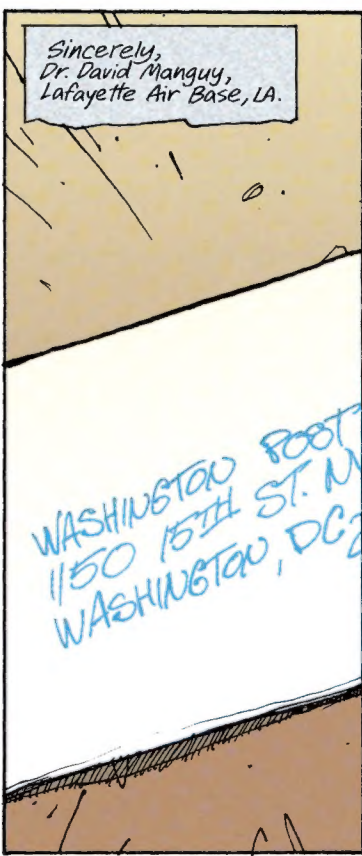
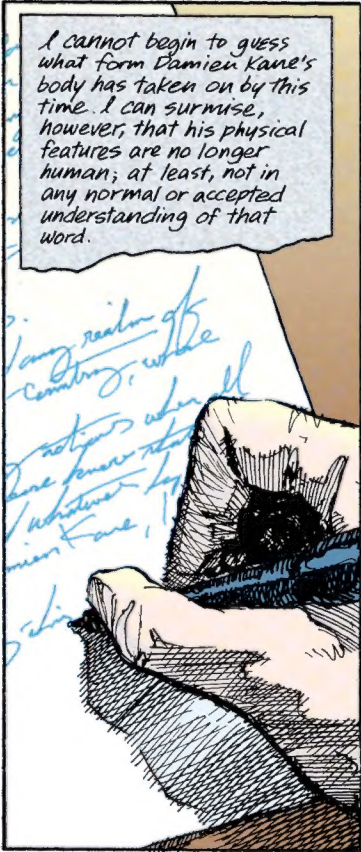
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COVER DESIGNER

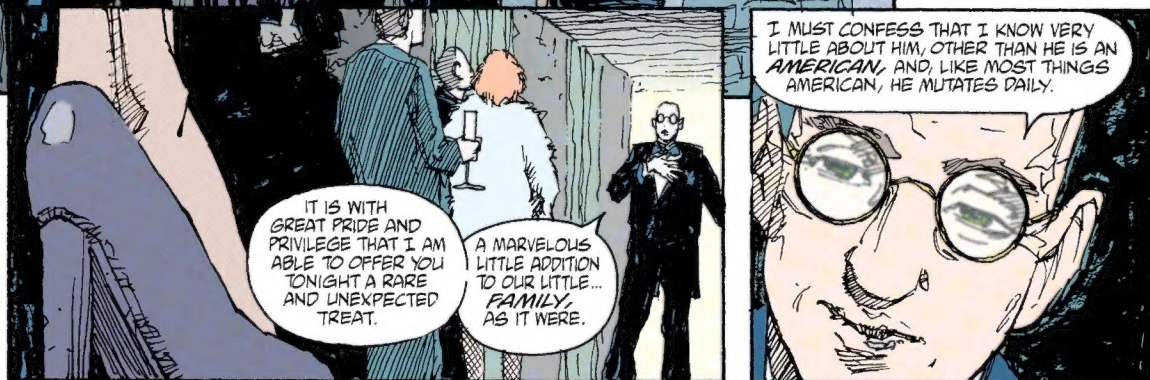
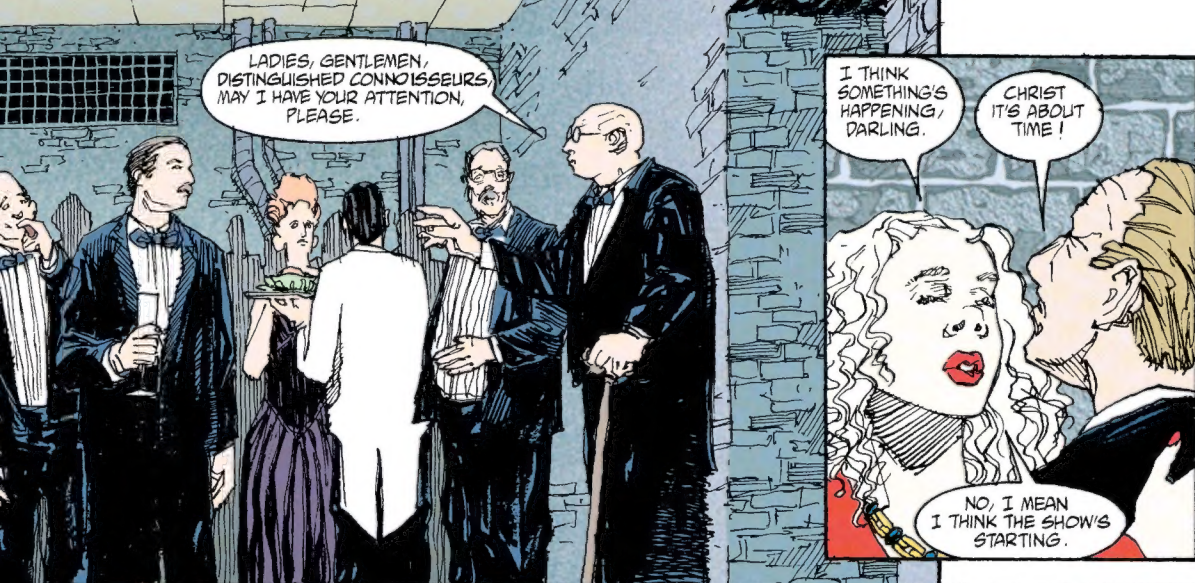
THE PRODIGAL SON

CHAPTER
FOUR:

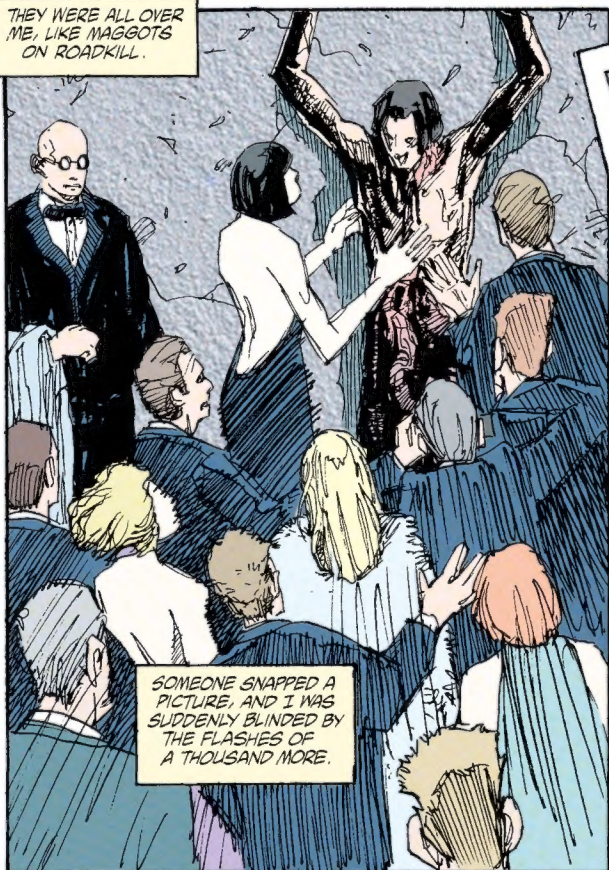
RICHARD BRUNING
CHRIS CHUCKRY
COLORIST







THEY WERE ALL OVER ME, LIKE MAGGOTS ON ROADKILL.



SOMEONE SNAPPED A PICTURE, AND I WAS SUDDENLY BLINDED BY THE FLASHES OF A THOUSAND MORE.

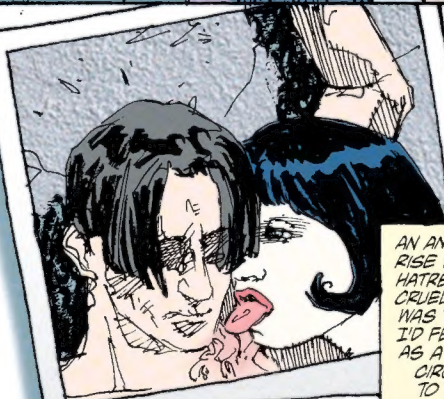


I CLOSED MY EYES AND TRIED TO DIE, BUT DEATH WOULD HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH ME.

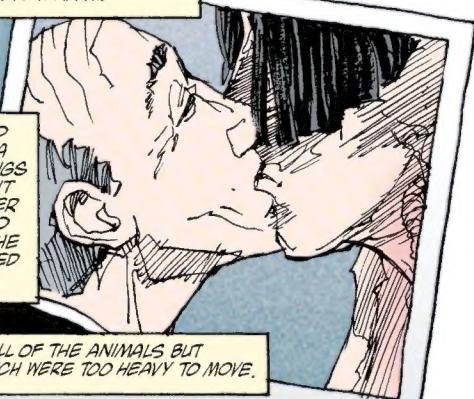


I WAS NEARLY SUFFOCATED BY THE RANCID MIXTURE OF SMOKE, PERFUME, GIN, AND HALITOSIS.

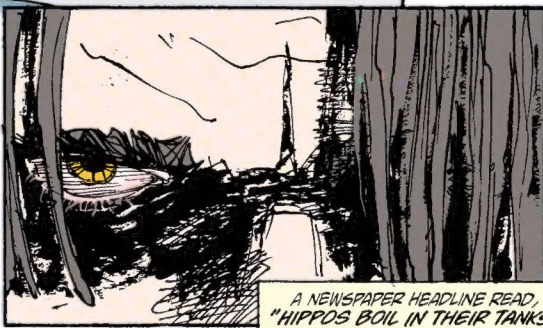
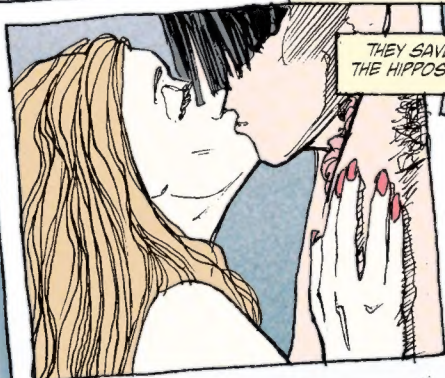
I FELT A HAND BETWEEN MY LEGS AND DECIDED GOD WAS UGLIER THAN ME.



AN ANGER BEGAN TO RISE IN MY CHEST--A HATRED FOR ALL THINGS CRUEL, AND UNFAIR. IT WAS THE SAME ANGER I'D FELT YEARS AGO AS A CHILD WHEN THE CIRCUS HAD BURNED TO THE GROUND.



THEY SAVED ALL OF THE ANIMALS BUT THE HIPPOS, WHICH WERE TOO HEAVY TO MOVE.



A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE READ, "HIPPOS BOIL IN THEIR TANKS!"

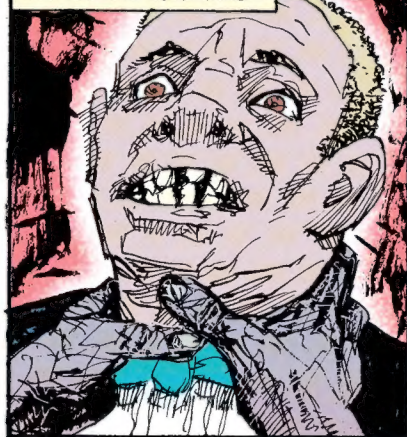
THE UNIVERSE UNFURLED
ITSELF...



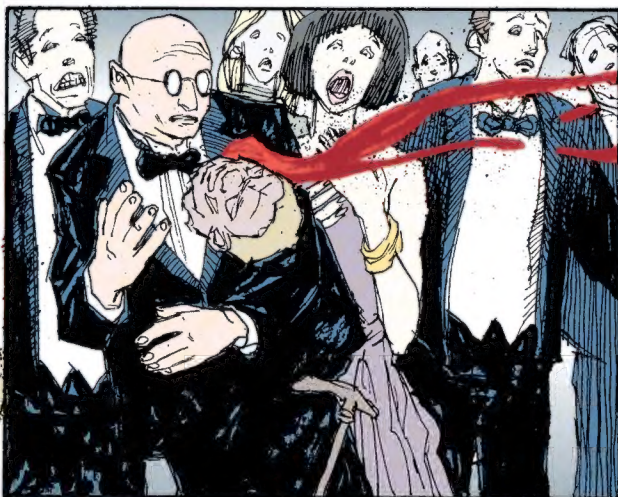
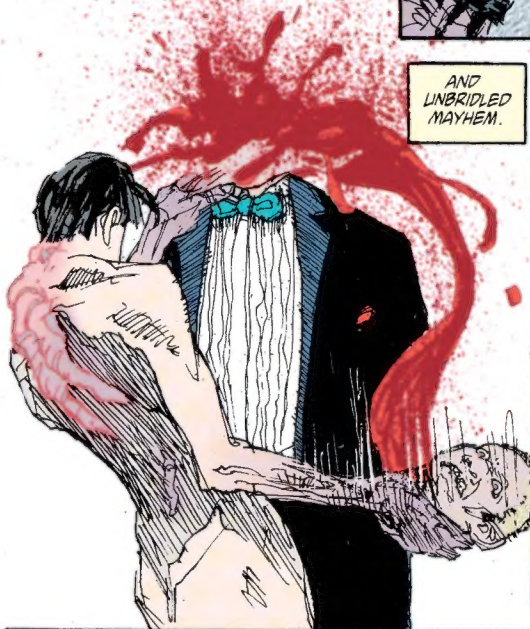
THERE WAS A BRIEF,
UNEARTHLY CALM...



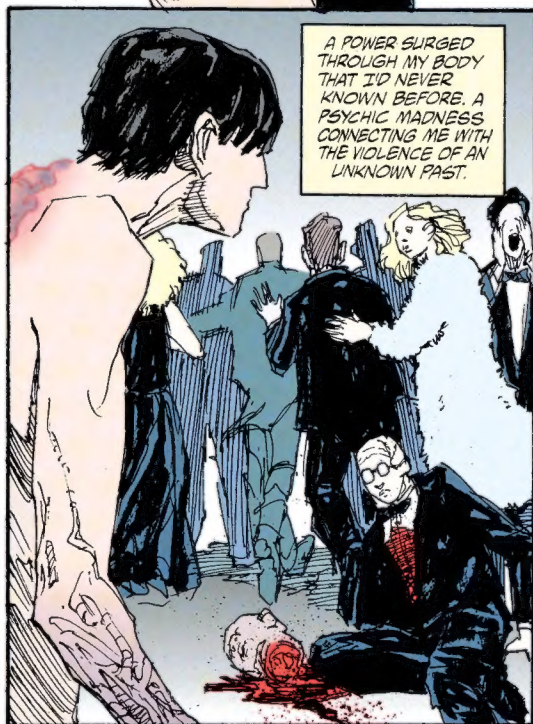
THEN ALL WAS SCREAMING...



AND
UNBRIDLED
MAYHEM.

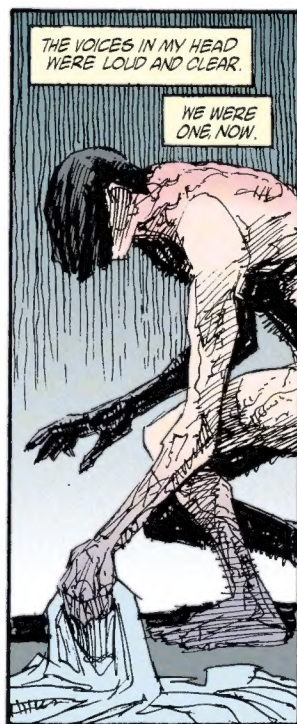


A POWER SURGED
THROUGH MY BODY
THAT I'D NEVER
KNOWN BEFORE. A
PSYCHIC MADNESS
CONNECTING ME WITH
THE VIOLENCE OF AN
UNKNOWN PAST.



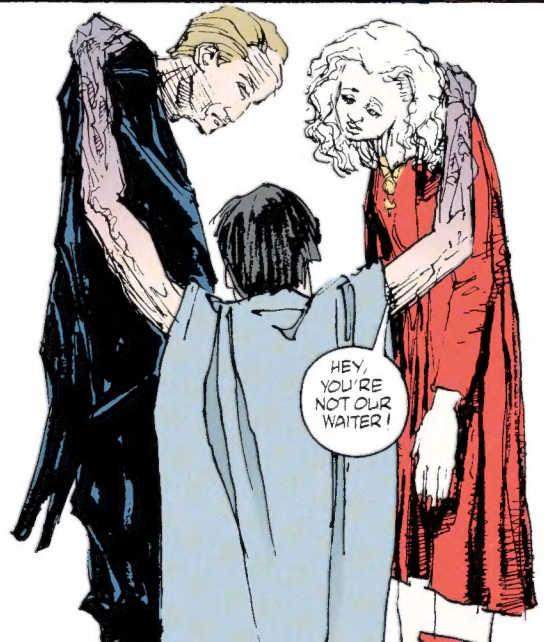
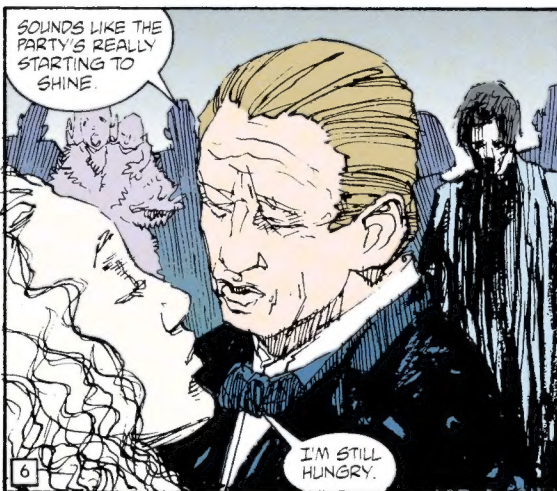
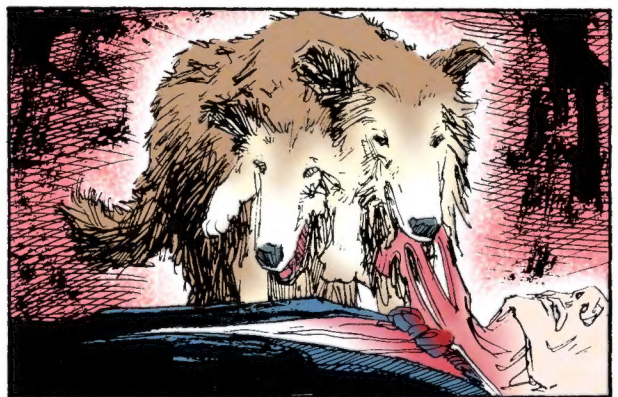
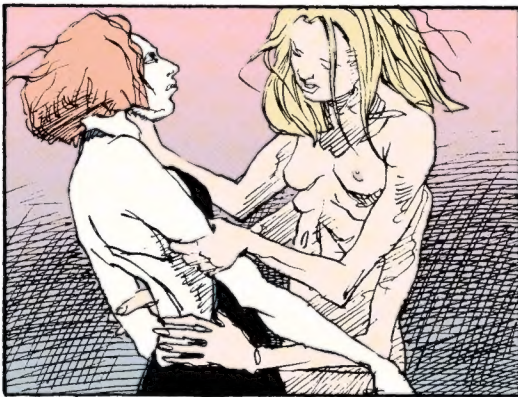
THE VOICES IN MY HEAD
WERE LOUD AND CLEAR.

WE WERE
ONE NOW.



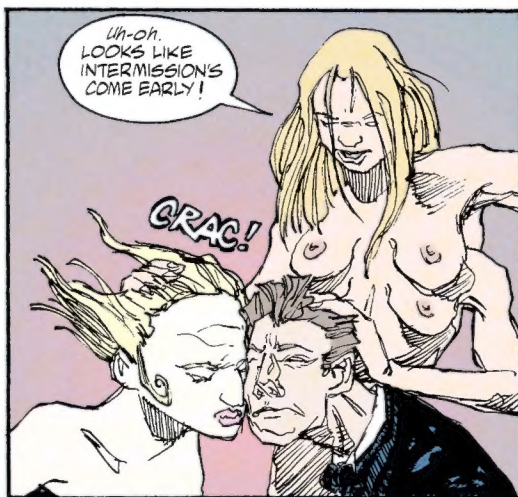
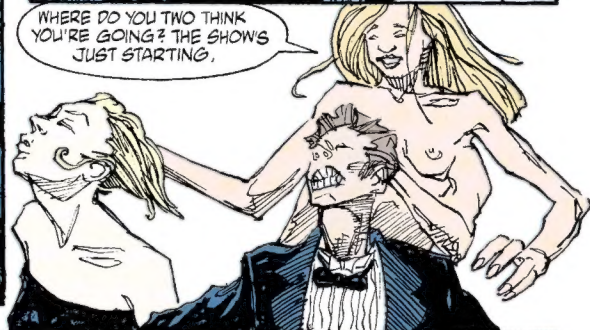
ONE.







WHERE DO YOU TWO THINK YOU'RE GOING? THE SHOW'S JUST STARTING.



UH-OH. LOOKS LIKE INTERMISSION'S COME EARLY!

CRAC!

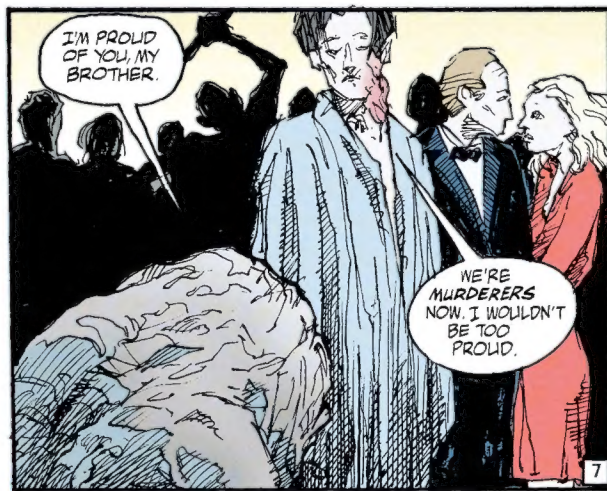


LISTEN UP, EVERYBODY. IT'S TIME TO LEAVE THIS PLACE... FOREVER

WE'LL TAKE THESE TWO FOR SECURITY AND THE THREE BIGGEST LIMOS, THE REST OF THE CARS...

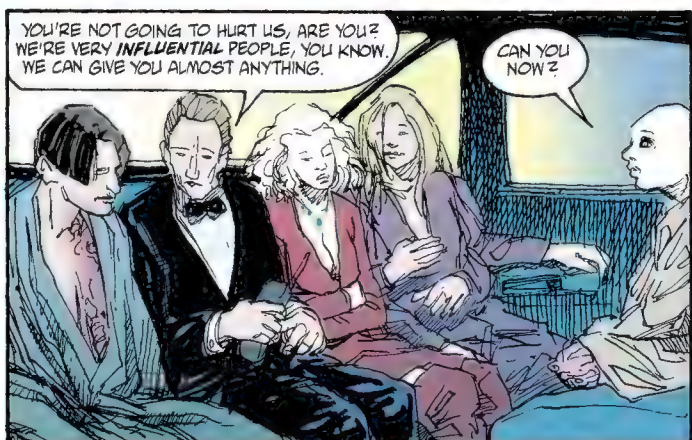
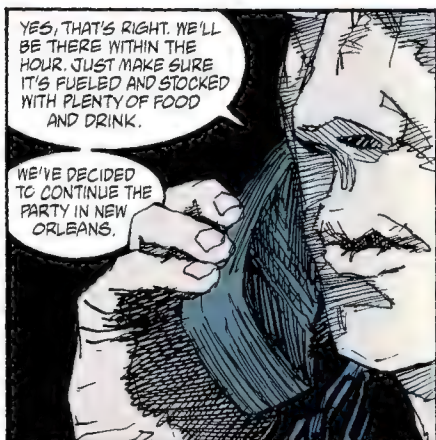
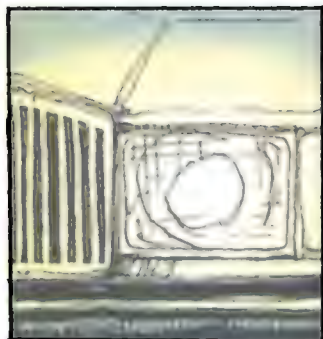


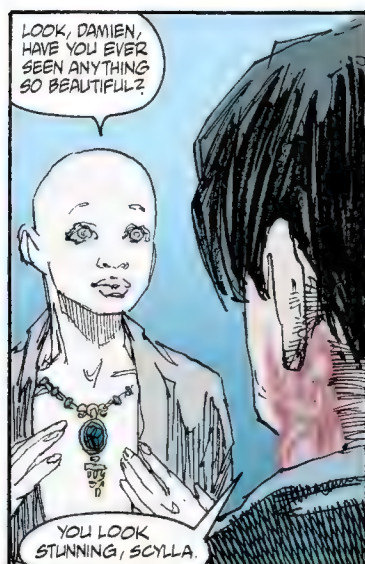
BURN THEM!

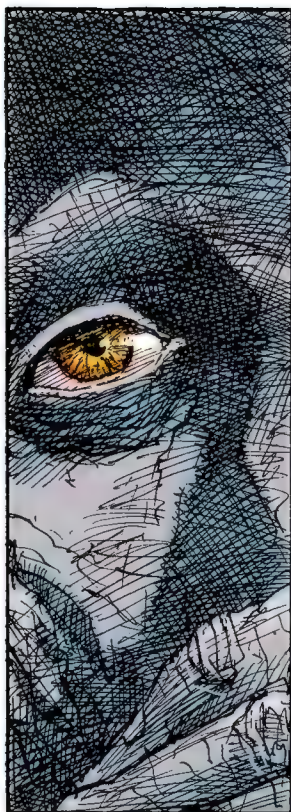


I'M PROUD OF YOU, MY BROTHER.

WE'RE MURDERERS NOW. I WOULDN'T BE TOO PROUD.





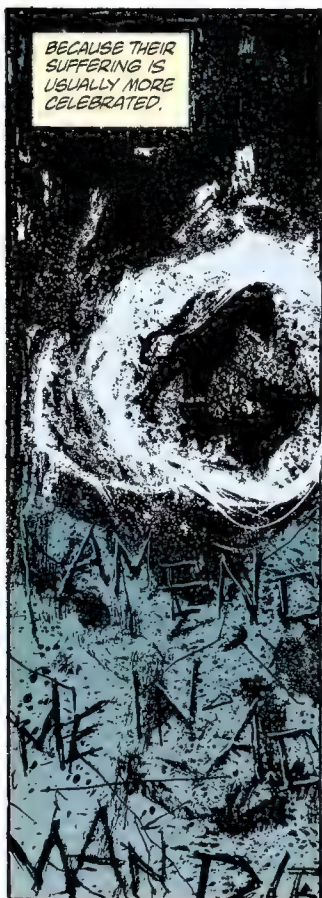
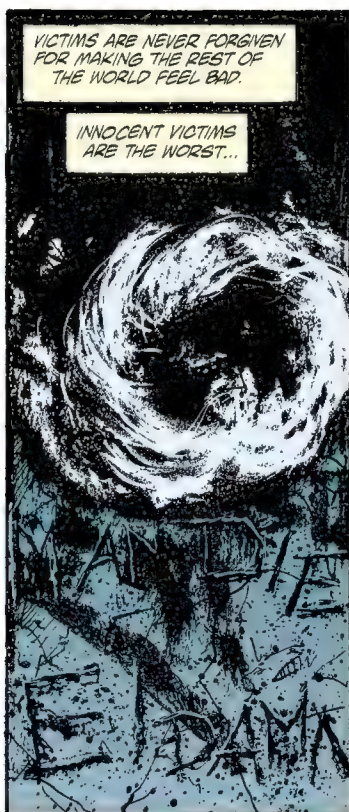


IF THERE'S ONE THING
PEOPLE CAN'T STAND,
IT'S A VICTIM.



VICTIMS ARE NEVER FORGIVEN
FOR MAKING THE REST OF
THE WORLD FEEL BAD.

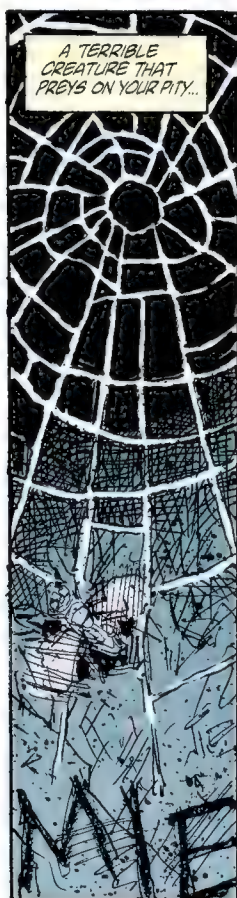
INNOCENT VICTIMS
ARE THE WORST...



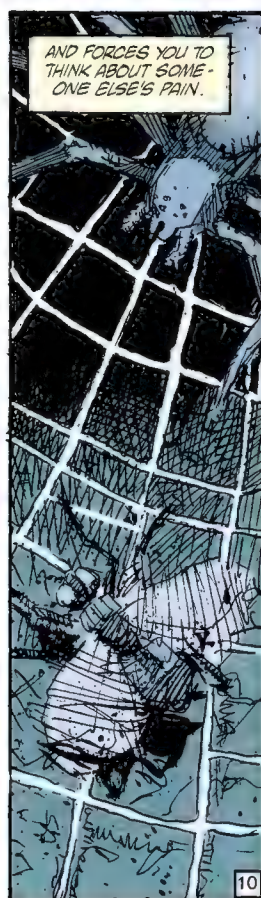
BECAUSE THEIR
SUFFERING IS
USUALLY MORE
CELEBRATED.



IT'S THE SUFFERING,
REALLY, THAT'S
UNFORGIVABLE.



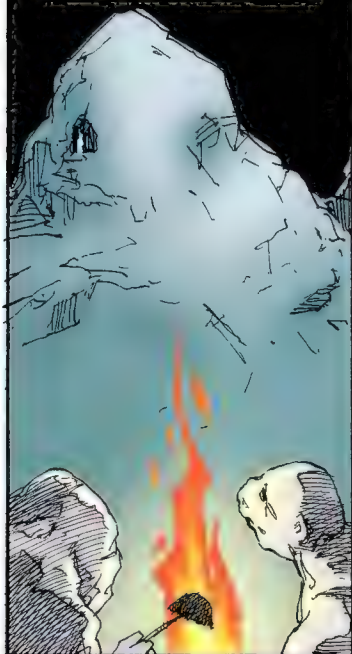
A TERRIBLE
CREATURE THAT
PREYS ON YOUR PITY...



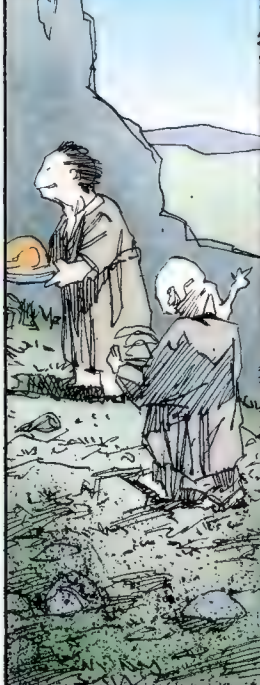
AND FORCES YOU TO
THINK ABOUT SOME-
ONE ELSE'S PAIN.

A MONTH BEFORE, I WAS JUST A KID WHO LIKED THE SEX PISTOLS AND THAI FOOD.

I FOUND MYSELF, NOW, THE RELUCTANT PATRIARCH OF A FAMILY WHOSE TREE HAD NO ROOTS, FRUIT, OR FLOWERS.



SCYLLA WAS RIGHT-- SHE ~~WAS~~ LIKE ME. "SECOND GENERATION," SHE CALLED IT. ARCANÉ HAD CREATED CRASSUS, AND OTHERS LIKE HIM.



BUT SCYLLA WAS BORN--THE EXPERIMENTAL OFFSPRING OF CREATURES THAT NEVER BELONGED IN THIS WORLD TO BEGIN WITH.

BRONTES AND DAEDALUS WERE THE SAME.

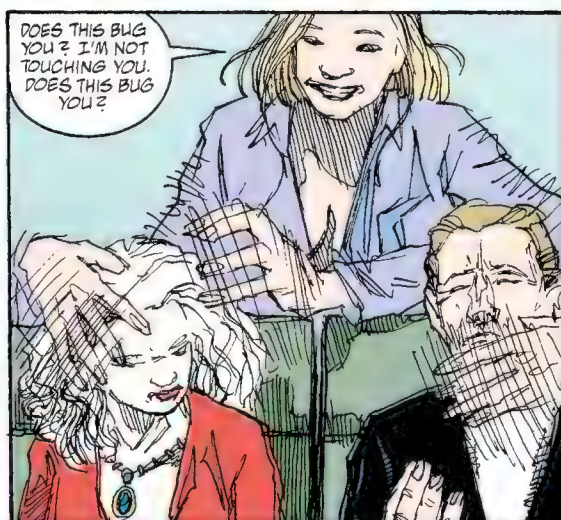
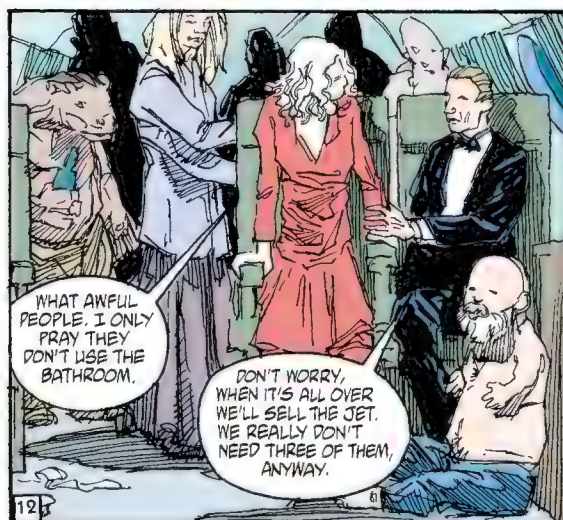
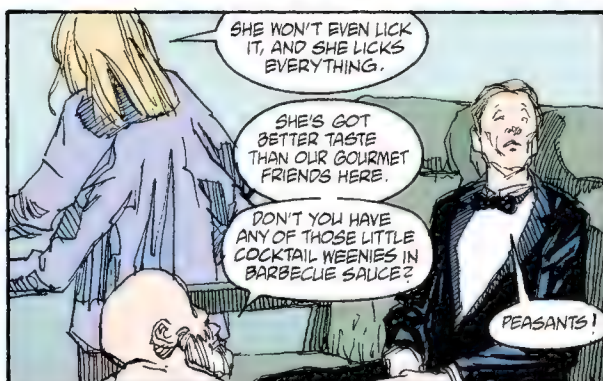
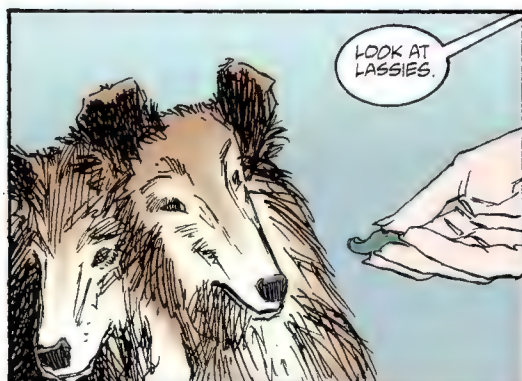
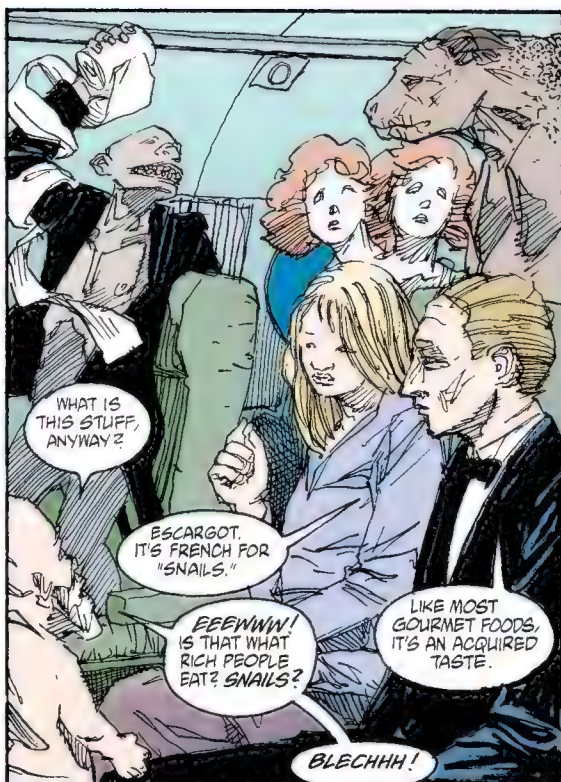


I USED TO LIE AWAKE AT NIGHT WONDERING HOW ANYONE COULD BE SO CRUEL AND IRRESPONSIBLE.

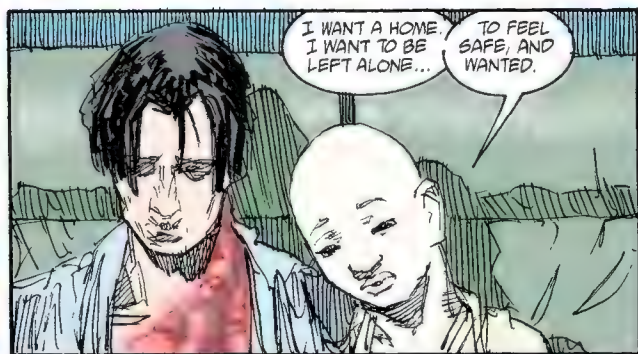
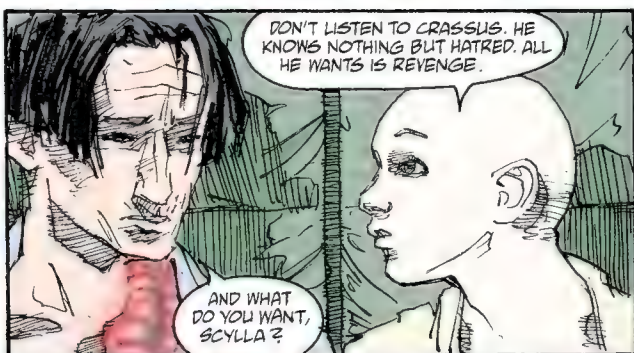
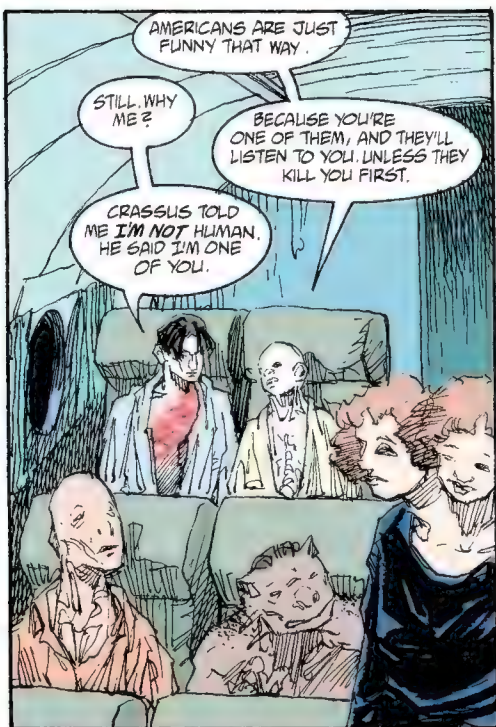


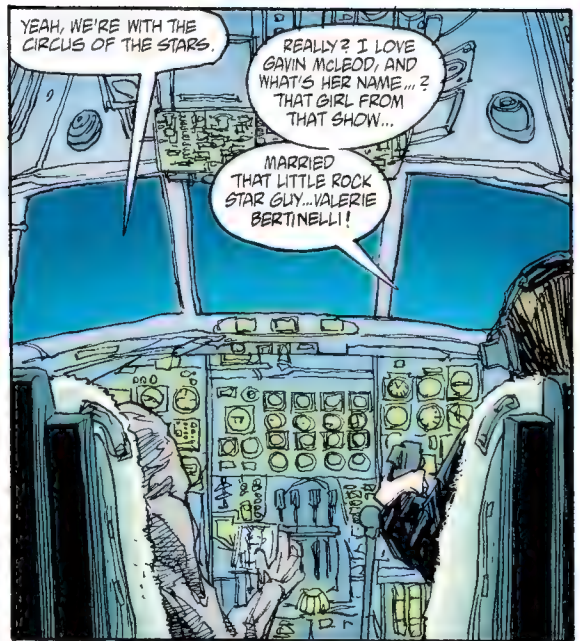
NOW, I DON'T WONDER ABOUT ANYTHING AT ALL.

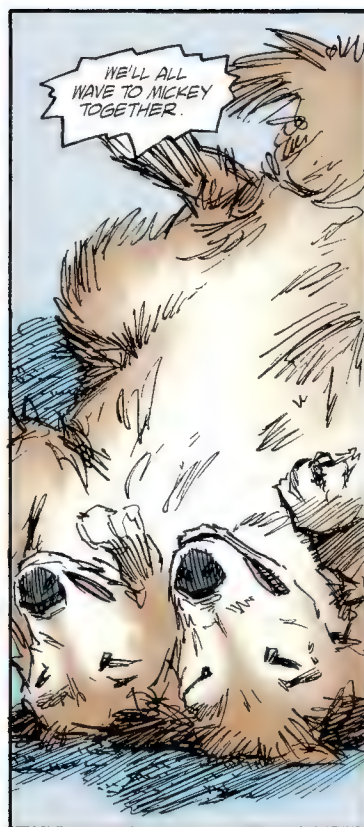


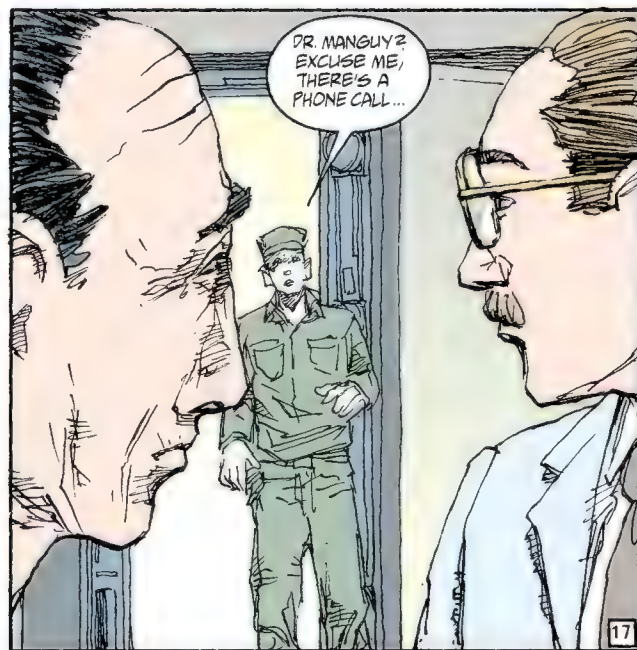
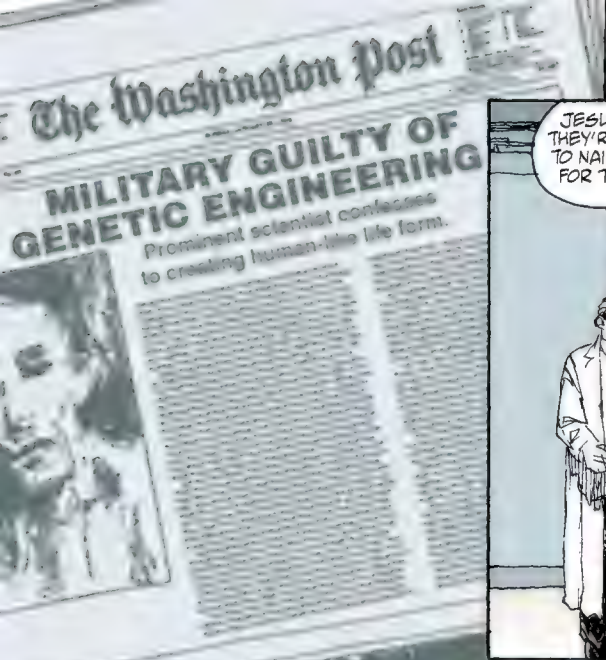


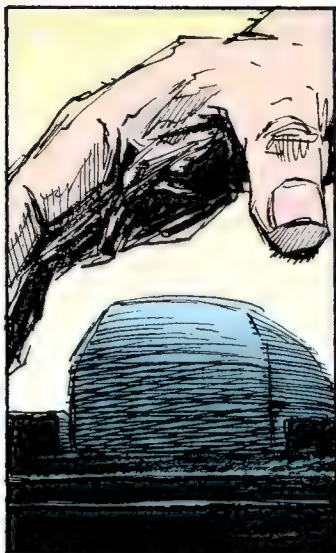


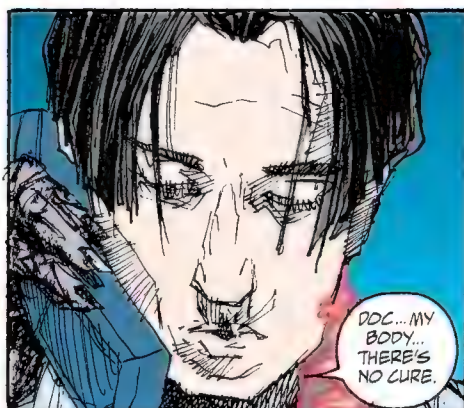
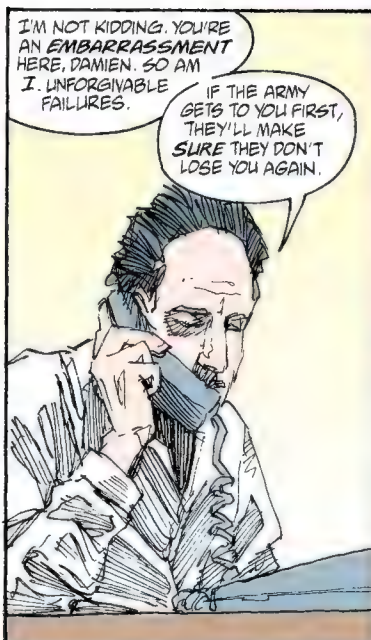


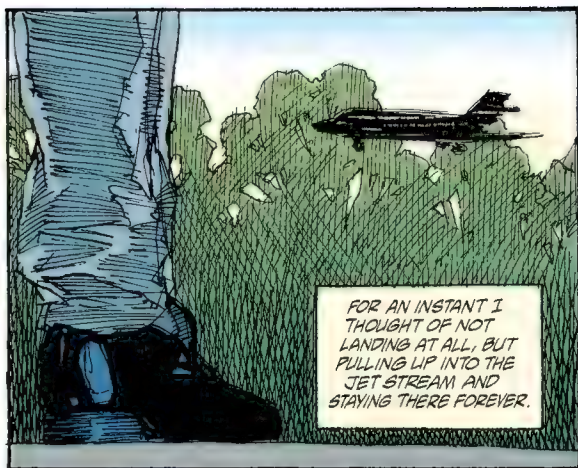
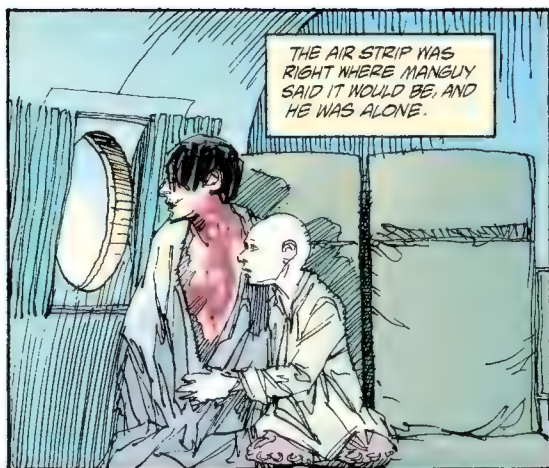




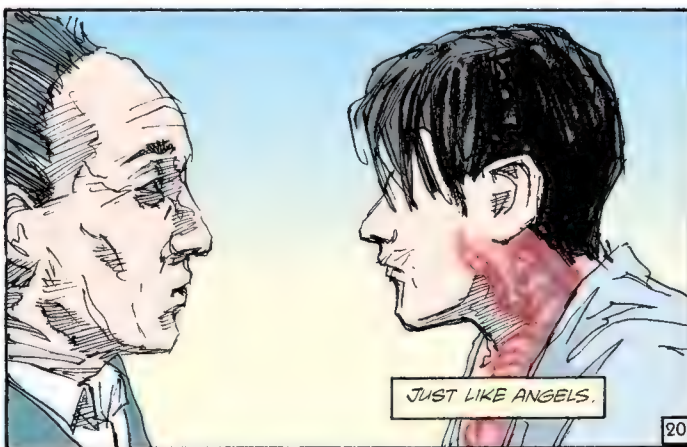
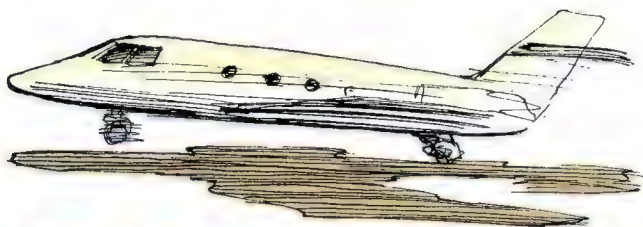


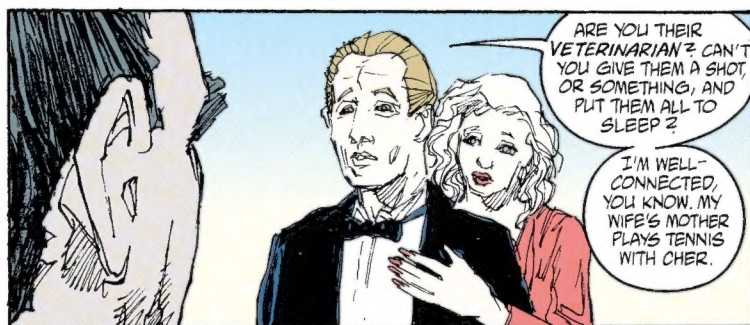
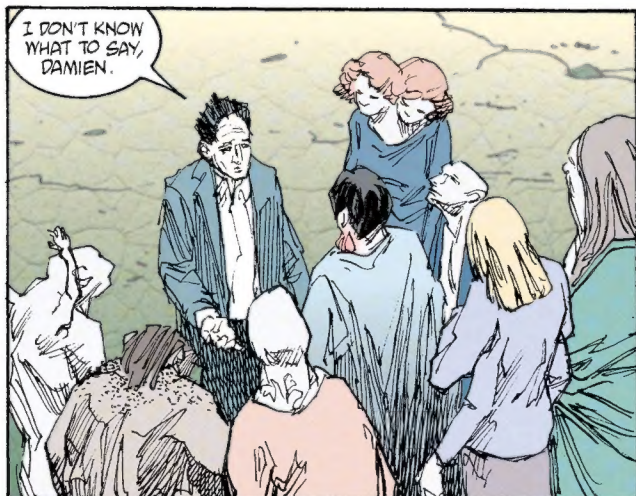


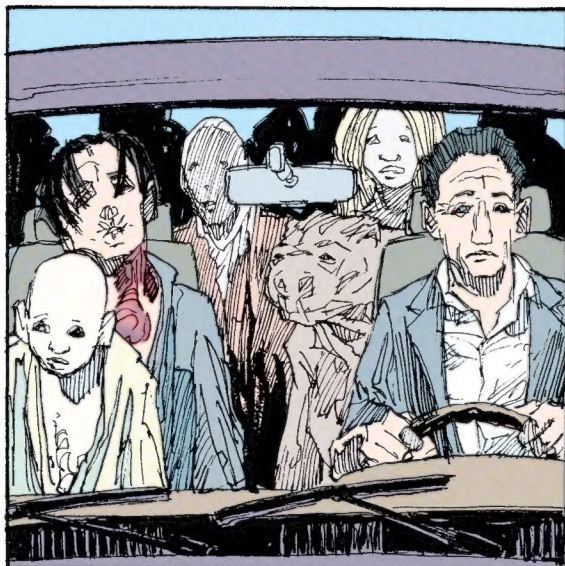




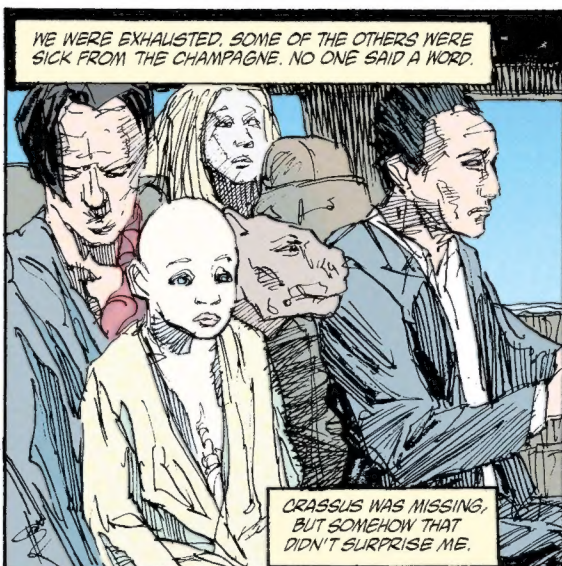
SPEND THE REST OF
OUR LIVES IN THE CLOUDS...



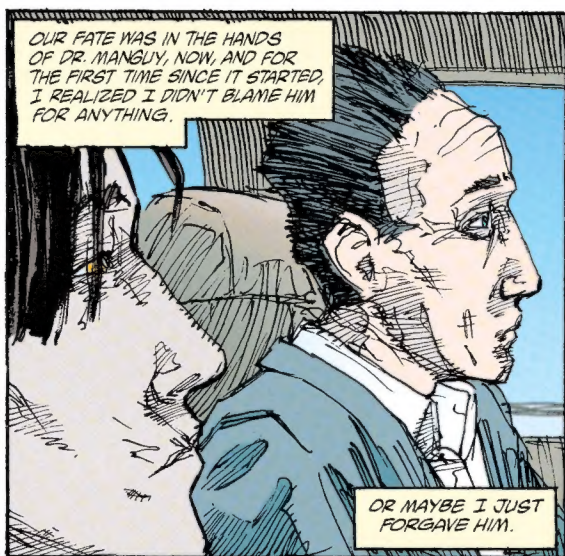




WE WERE EXHAUSTED. SOME OF THE OTHERS WERE SICK FROM THE CHAMPAGNE. NO ONE SAID A WORD.



CRASSUS WAS MISSING, BUT SOMEHOW THAT DIDN'T SURPRISE ME.

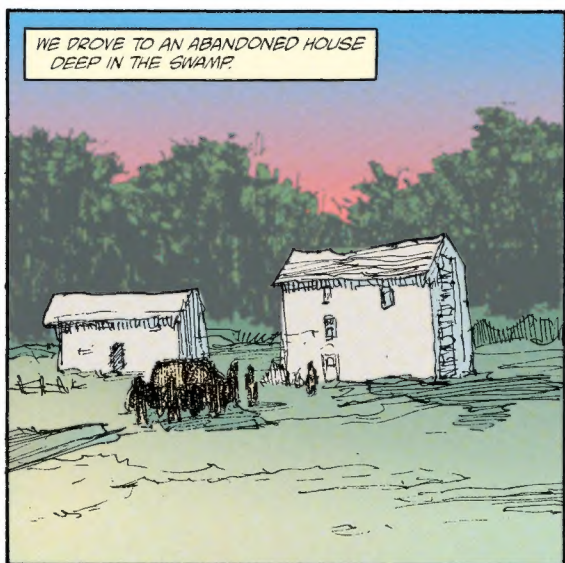


OUR FATE WAS IN THE HANDS OF DR. MANGUY, NOW, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE IT STARTED, I REALIZED I DIDN'T BLAME HIM FOR ANYTHING.

OR MAYBE I JUST FORGAVE HIM.



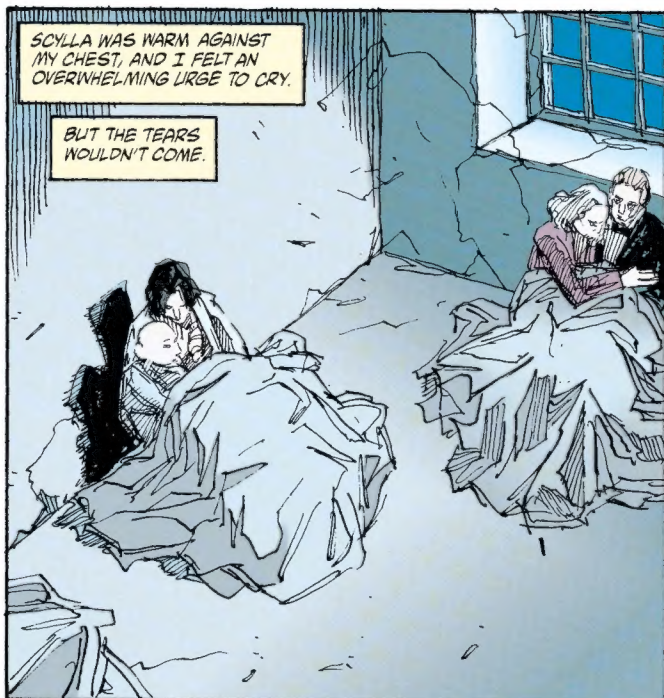
ALL I WANTED WAS TO SLEEP TO BE BLISSFULLY UNCONSCIOUS.



WE DROVE TO AN ABANDONED HOUSE DEEP IN THE SWAMP.



AND I LAUGHED TO MYSELF THINKING OF ALL THE ABANDONED PLACES THAT I'D BEEN TO.



SCYLLA WAS WARM AGAINST MY CHEST, AND I FELT AN OVERWHELMING URGE TO CRY.

BUT THE TEARS WOULDN'T COME.



SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING--SOMETHING STRANGE AND WONDERFUL. A FEELING IN MY BODY, IN MY MIND...

LIKE SOMETHING HAD POSSESSED ME.



MY BLOOD RAN HOT, MY HEART BEAT AS THOUGH IT WANTED OUT OF MY CHEST.

I CLOSED MY EYES AND THE FEELING WAS STRONGER. I THOUGHT I WOULD EXPLODE WITH ECSTASY. MY BODY WASN'T MINE ANYMORE...



SCYLLA! SHE WAS INSIDE OF ME--INSIDE MY HEART, INSIDE MY MIND.



I LET MYSELF GO, AND SUDDENLY ALL WAS LIGHT AND MAGIC AND EUPHORIA.



WE WERE LOVERS. WE WERE ONE.

WE WERE...

...BEAUTIFUL !



TO BE CONCLUDED